

dwellinges in me. O ye, my frendes, what
or wherto auaunted ye me to ben weleful?
for he that hath fallen stood nat in stede-
fast degree.

Prose I.

Hec dum mecum tacitus ipse reputarem.

AWYLE that I stille
recordede these
thinges with my-
self, and markede
my weeply com-
pleynte with of-
fice of pointel, I
saw, standinge a-
boven the heighte
of myn heved, a
woman of ful greet reverence by sem-
blaunt, hir eyen brenninge and cleereinge
over the comune might of men; with a lyfly
colour, and with swich vigour & strengthe
that it ne mighte nat ben empyed; al were
it so that she was ful of so greet age, that
men ne wolde nat trowen, in no manere,
that she were of oure elde. The stature of
hir was of a doutous judgement; for som-
tyme she constreinede and shronk hirs-
elven lyk to the comune mesure of men, and
sumtyme it semede that she touchede the
hevene with the heighte of hir heved; and
whan she heef hir heved hyer, she percede
the selve hevene, so that the sighte of men
looking was in ydel. Hir clothes weren
makid of right delye thredes and subtil
crafte, of perdurable matere; the whiche
clothes she hadde woven with hir owene
bondes, as I knew wel after by herself, de-
claringe & shewing to me the beautee; the
whiche clothes a derknesse of a forleten &
dispyssed elde hadde dused and derked,
as it is wont to derken bismokede images.

IN the nethereste hem or bordure of
these clothes men redded, ywoven
in, a Grekissh P, that signifyeth the
lyf Actif; and aboven that lettre, in the
heyste bordure, a Grekissh T, that signi-
fyeth the lyf Contemplatif. And bitwixen
these two lettres ther weren seyn degrees,
nobly ywroght in manere of laddres; by
whiche degrees men mighten climben fro
the nethereste lettre to the uppereste.
Natheles, handes of some men hadde cor-
ven that cloth by violence & by strengthe;
and everiche man of hem hadde born away
swiche peces as he mighte geten. And for-
sothe, this forseide woman bar smale
bokes in hir right hand, & in hir left hand
she bar a ceptre.

AND whan she say this poetical
Muses aprochen aboute my bed, and
endytinge wordes to my wepinges,
she was a litel amoved, and glowede with
cruel eyen. Who, quod she, hath suffred
aprochen to this syke man these comune
strompetes of swich a place that men cle-

pen the theatre? The whiche nat only ne
asswage nat his sorwes with none reme-
dies, but they wolden feden & norrisshen
hem with swete venim. forsothe, these ben
tho that with thornes and prikkings of
talents or affeccions, whiche that ne ben
nothing fructefyinge nor profitable, de-
stroyen the corn plenteuous of frutes of
in usage, but they ne delivere nat folk fro
maladye. But if ye Muses hadden with-
drawen fro me, with your flateries, any un-
cunninge and unprofitable man, as men
ben wont to finde comunly amonges the
poepel, I wolde wene suffre the lasse gre-
vously; for why, in swiche an unprofitable
man, myn ententes ne weren nothing on-
damaged. But ye withdrawn me this man,
that hath be norrisshed in the studies or
scoles of Eleaticis and of Achademis in
Grece. But goth now rather away, ye mor-
maidenes, whiche that ben swete til it be
at the laste, and suffreth this man to be
cured and heled by myne Muses, that is to
seyn, by noteful sciencis.

AND thus this compaignie of Muses
yblamed casten wrothly the chere
dounward to the erthe; and, shew-
inge by reednesse hir shame, they passed
en sorowfully the threshfold.

AND I, of whom the sighte, plounged
in teres, was derked so that I ne
mighte not knowen what that wom-
an was, of so imperial auctoritee, I wer
al abaisshed and astoned, and caste my
sighte doun to the erthe, and bigan stille
for to abyde what she wolde don after-
ward. Tho com she ner, and sette hir doun
upon the uttereste corner of my bed; and
she, biholdinge my chere, that was cast to
the erthe, hevvy and grevous of wepinge,
compleinede, with thise wordes that I shal
seyn, the perturbacioun of my thought.

Metre II.

Neu quam precipiti mersa profundo.

ALAS! how the thought of
man, dreint in overthrow-
inge deepnesse, dulleth, and
forleteth his propre cleer-
nesse, mintinge to goon in-
to foreine derknesse, as
ofte as his anoyous businesse wereth
without measure, that is driven to and fro
with worldly windes! This man, that why-
lom was free, to whom the hevene was open
and known, and was wont to goon in he-
veneliche pathes, and saugh the lightnesse
of the rede sonne, & saugh the sterres of
the colde mone, & whiche sterre in hevene
useth wandering recourses, yflit by dy-
verse speres; this man, overcomer, hadde
comprehended al this by nombre of a-
countinge in astronomye. And over this,
he was wont to seken the causes wher-



the souning windes moeven and bisien the
smothe water of the see; & what spirit torn-
eth the stable hevene; and why the sterre
aryseth out of the rede cest, to fallen in the
westrene wawes; and what atempreth the
lusty houres of the firste somer sesoun,
that highteth and apparailleth the erthe with
rosene flowres; and who maketh that plen-
teuous autumpne, in fulle yeres, fleteth with
hevvy grapes. And eek this man was wont to
telle the diverse causes of nature that weren
yhidde. Alas! now lyeth he empyed of light
of his thought; & his nekke is pressed with
hevvy cheynes; and bereth his chere enclyned
adoun for the grete weighte, & is constrein-
ed to looken on the fool erthe!

Prose II.

Set medicine, inquit, tempus est.

AT tyme is now, quod
she, of medicine more
than of compleinte.
forsothe than she en-
tendinge to meward
with alle the lookinge
of hir eyen, seide: Art
nat thou he, quod she,
that whylom ynoris-
shed with my milk, &

fostered with myne metes, were escaped and
comen to corage of a parfit man? Certes, I yaf
thee swiche armures that, yif thou thyself ne
haddest first cast hem away, they shulden han
defended thee in sikernes that may nat ben
overcomen. Knowest thou me nat? Why art
thou stille? Is it for shame or for astoninge?
It were me lever that it were for shame; but
it semeth me that astoninge hath oppres-
sed thee. And whan she say me nat only
stille, but withouten office of tunge & al dounb,
she leide hir hand softely upon my brest, and
seide: Here nis no peril, quod she; he is fallen
into a litargie, whiche that is a comune syke-
nes to hertes that ben deceived. He hath a litel
foryeten himself, but certes he shal lightly
remembren himself, yif so be that he hath
known me or now; & that he may so don, I
wil wippen a litel his eyen, that ben derked by
the cloude of mortal thinges. Thise wordes
seide she, and with the lappe of hir garment,
plyted in a frounce, she dryede myn eyen,
that weren fulle of the wawes of my wepinges.

Metre III.

Tunc me discussa liquerunt nocte tenebre.

ALAS, whan that night was discussid
& chased away, derknesse forletten
me, and to myn eyen repeired ayein